DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100

JANUARY 1986 • FREE

LOOK BACK IN ANGER

The Year in Local Music
Listener/Reader Survey
Shindig

WHEN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VISIT UNIVERSAL STUDIOS TOUR AN MCA COMPANY

THORN EMI SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT Presents
GRIFF RHYS JONES MEL SMITH JAMES B. SIKKING DINSDALE LANDEN
MORONS FROM OUTER SPACE
With JIMMY NAIL JOANNE PEARCE PAUL BOWN Screenplay by GRIFF RHYS JONES and MEL SMITH
Executive Producer VERITY LAMBERT Produced by BARRY HANSON Directed by MIKE HODGES
A UNIVERSAL Release
MATURE COARSE LANGUAGE & SUGGESTIVE SCENES

THORN EMI Screen Entertainment

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"An off-beat British spoof about some dimwitted aliens whose space ship crashes onto an Earthly freeway, whereupon they are examined and exploited by equally moronic humans. It's an amusing satire on man's preconceptions about space aliens and how to deal with them."

—P. Stack,
San Francisco Chronicle

"A good natured British farce. . . irrestible."

—Janet Maslin,
New York Times

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THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW (MATURE)

EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY AT 12:00 MIDNITE

$5.00
ALL AGES ADMITTED
A COMIC MUSICAL SATIRE ON SEX - B.C. DIRECTOR

The year is 2024...
a future you'll probably live

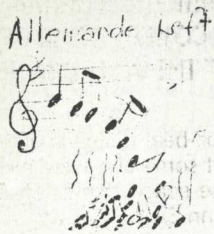
a boy and his dog

an R rated, rather kinky tale of survival

Before Miami Vice...Don Johnson starred in this black cult comedy based on Harlan Ellison's story about a man and his talking dog who forage a post-holocaust future landscape. (We finally found it!)

OPENS JANUARY 31ST

Studio Cinema 919 GRANVILLE DOWNTOWN 681-1732



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DISCORDER circulates 15,000 free copies. For advertising and circulation inquiries call 228-3017 and ask for station manager Nancy Smith.

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Unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, cartoons and graphics are welcome but they can be returned only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. DISCORDER does not assume responsibility for unsolicited material.

The offices of CITR and DISCORDER are located in room 233 of the UBC's Student Union Building. For general business inquiries or to book the **CITR Mobile Sound System** call 228-3017 and ask for station manager Nancy Smith. The Music Request line is 228-CITR.

DISCORDER

THAT MAGAZINE FROM CITR FM102 CABLE100 JANUARY 1986 • VOL. 3 NO. 12

IN THIS ISSUE

9 CITR/*Discorder* Listener/ Reader Survey
All right, go ahead, get it off your chest. We know you want to.

10 Shindig—The Final Story
Jay (Scott), Janis (McKenzie) and Julia (Steele) profile the finalists in the greatest local showcase on God's green earth.

12 1985—The Year in Local Music
Jason Grant sifts the sands of 1985 to find the treasures of Vancouver music over the last year, and finds a few cracked gems in the process.

IN EVERY ISSUE

4 Airhead
CITR listeners write their parents.

6 Behind the Dial
Idle flattery, plus DJ Top Tens.

16 Program Guide
An essential guide to CITR.

19 Vinyl Verdict
Record reviews; you do remember what records are, don't you?

22 Roving Ear
Beverly Demchuk visits Ottawa and leaves without a Senate seat.

c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Play Misty For Me

Dear Airhead:
Mr. Robert Alexander
I couldn't believe that wiretapping
and infrared rays
Shame on you, me him and D.J.
I don't know what is love
You said you beat me die
Now I say you shoot me
You can say that I'm your target
But you know what?
The target is this world.
Don't you think so
I know you know it.
I'm a listener
But you, You can do something
about it.
Through the Air
By the way. If you want to continue
to play
This game. You do it. I don't
Being two person. Living like this
is not easy.
You are the one can make me. me.
Love you dad.

Name withheld by request

Life Is Hell

Dear Airhead,

I hope you show this letter for I know many people which would back me up...

This concerns the groups Love and Rockets and especially Depeche Mode. I listened to L and R since Bahaus and Depeche since "Speak and Spell." I'm what my friend calls a pioneer fan. Then I started hearing harsh nerds listening to Depeche and thought of how this occurred for they (Depeche) weren't famous. Then one day while glimpsing through channels on TV I pondered onto a station playing "People Are People." From that moment on Depche Mode became popular and the once Duran Duran teeny boppers are now onto Depeche Mode!!!

The reason I'm pissed is because "where were these teeny-twits when Depech Mode wasn't famous???!! Now these boppers are rampaging through record stores gawking and screaming about Depeche... These boppers are doing so as if Depeche is Duran Duran, isn't it bad enough they did it to Duran Duran??

I once had pride in saying I liked Depeche when someone asked of my favourite group. But now guys think I'm a sissy-boy.

I then thought how safe the old stuff are and "Shake the Disease" EP are until they just released "Catching up with..." came out. This record tells (gives) examples of all Depeche records, and it's selling great with the boppers!! Isn't anything safe from these Durannys. They're also doing it to Love and Rockets and going onto Skinny Puppy. Last S.P. concert was more boppers than their July gig, wait till the late December gig...Let's stop it, aya?

****SO I HOPE ALL F***EN BOPPERS CHOKE ON THEIR MUCUS!!!**** (PRINT) (SORRY)

What do you think of my problem? Am I just parinoid/or nuts?

My swearing and coarse language was held back!

By the way I get your station perfect and don't think you should boost power (sorry to true CITR listeners who can't get it) cause the boppers will probably listen and attack D.O.A., D.K.s or some other groups/SOME PREPPIES (GUYS) ARE SAME WAY!!! They also did it to SHRIEKBACK/OMD!!!

ALL *VIDEO HITS* FAULT

K**** Tong
Address Witheld

Sackcloth and Ashes Corner

LORD KNOWS we're not perfect. We're trying, but it's so hard. We neglected to identify the photographers in last month's issue. We're very, very sorry. They were, for your information, Bill Jans (Shriekback), Jim Main and Dave Watson (Dry Bars). We're amazed these people still speak to us.

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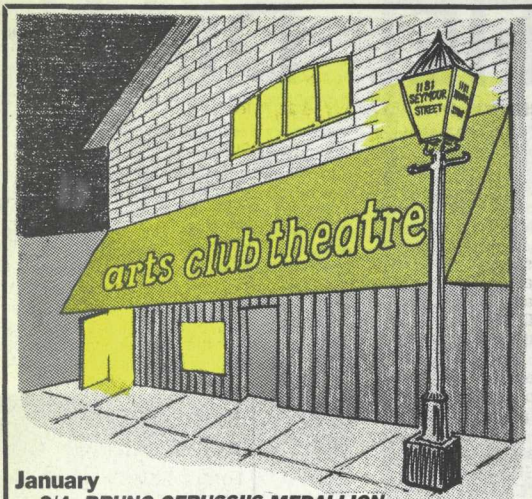
224-9116

RIDGE THEATRE
This Month
16th Avenue & Arbutus Street
Vancouver V6J 3Z3 738-6311
Starts Thursday Dec. 26
The door was always open...until she asked for the keys."

A Romantic Comedy starring Brooke Adams & Ben Masters
Starts Friday January 31
A film by Jean-Luc Godard

Showtimes both films 7:30 & 9:30



January

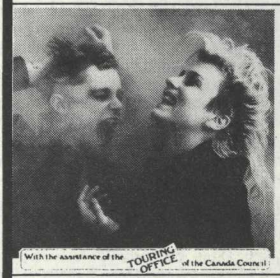
3/4 *BRUNO GERUSSI'S MEDALLION*
10/11 *THE HURT with A CAST OF THOUSANDS*
17/18 *LINE DRIVER*
24/25 *THE ZEALOTS with LOS DURANGOS*
31/1 *INDUSTRIAL WASTE BANNED with THE GROOVAHOLICS*

LIVE MUSIC IN THE LOUNGE
FRIDAYS FROM 10:30 – SATURDAYS FROM 11:30 P.M.

ARTS CLUB THEATRE 1181 SEYMOUR 683-0151

SAN FRANCISCO
MIME TROUPE
in
Crossing Borders
Jan. 30, 31 & Feb. 1
8:00 PM

a domestic farce for the contemporary couple



With the assistance of the TOURING OFFICE of the Canada Council

LA LA LA HuMAn StePs
triumphant return tour of
HUMAN SEX
Feb. 6, 7, 8 • 8:30 PM

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BEHIND THE DIAL

You're not so bad yourself—Mutual Admiration Dept.

WE HERE AT *DISCORDER* are not above patting ourselves on the back. But it is always nice when someone else is sensible and considerate enough to do it for us (less chance of dislocating our elbows that way). Seattle's *The Rocket* (fine paper, fine paper) showed just such sense and consideration when it included this humble little rag on its list of the top 20 publications of 1985.

Discorder is joined on the list, which appears in the January issue of *The Rocket,* by such august publications as *The Village Voice, Option Magazine,* and (our choice for #1) The *Weekly World News.*

Makes you think Americans aren't so weird after all.

Discorder—the survey

CITR SPOKESMAN CLIFF CLAYTON announced today that the CITR/*Discorder* Listener/Reader Survey will be handled by the station itself, a decision that has shaken the confidence of the North American polling community.

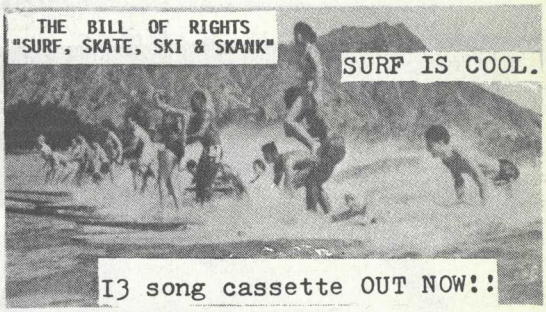
"I don't believe they didn't ask me," said Allen Gregg, whiz-kid pollster, when asked about the Listener/Reader Survey. "This is just the kind of street credibility I've been looking for after all that PC and corporate stuff. I would have done it for free. But no, those little bastards had to go off and do it themselves. I just don't..." The sentence is cut short as the head of Decima Research hurls himself into a small ball and begins weeping quietly.

"It wasn't really a question of money," said an unidentified CITR insider. "Mr. Gregg actually sent out feelers when he heard we were doing a survey, offering first to do it for free, then offering to pay us if we'd let him do it. We just didn't think the Decima approach was right for the Listener/Reader survey—the hour-long grillings, follow-up phone samplings, psychological intimidation. We just didn't think that anyone who listened to CITR or read *Discorder* would stand for that nonsense. Besides, we're still a little ticked off at Mr. Gregg for sending in a demo tape and then having all his researchers phone in and request the thing. He needed to be taught a lesson."

The CITR/*Discorder* Survey attracted the attention of a number of other polling organizations. An unidentified Gallup vice-president was quoted as saying: "This is just the kind of glamorous poll that could put us back in the public eye." Liberal pollster Angus Reid declined comment on his rejection as official CITR pollster, but a call to his office revealed that Mr. Reid had gone off on what a secretary described as a "binge."

A CITR spokesman said the station was perfectly happy doing the survey in-house and was looking forward to an unprecedented response from CITR listeners and *Discorder* readers. "We figure we know our listeners well enough to approach this whole survey business in an adult fashion. Which is not to say we wouldn't mind knowing them a little better. That's why we're doing this survey. As for these so-called professionals clamoring for our business—we're flattered, but I think their subsequent behaviour confirms the wisdom of our initial decision.

The CITR/*Discorder* Listener/Reader Survey is on page 9 of this month's issue. It should be filled out by everyone and either sent to CITR (6138 SUB Blvd., UBC, V6T 2A5) or deposited in the boxes at one of the following locations:
Zulu Records, 1869 W. 4th Ave.
Odyssey Imports, 866 Granville St.
Cabbages and Kinx, 306 W. Cordova
Octopus Books, East 1146 Commercial
Collectors RPM, 456 Seymour St.



WARNING! EVIDENCE OF A HAPHAZARD ATTACK ON ALL BLOATED, CRAZED & DISSATISFIED CHRISTMAS TRAUMA VICTIMS: IF YOU DIDN'T RECEIVE THE COMPLETE & UNABRIDGED COLLECTION OF LOCAL RECORDS & TAPES, TREAT YOURSELF TO LO·CAL TASTE TESTS, BY RED HERRING!

Top 10s of '85

WE ASKED SOME OF OUR ANNOUNCERS to inflict their totally arbitrary opinions of the year's ten best records on you. These are the results. What do these people know anyways?

Propaganda! Top Ten

Artists United Against Aparthied	*Sun City*
Test Dept.	*Shoulder to Shoulder*
The Last Poets	*Oh My People*
Skinny Puppy	*Bites*
Mark Stewart	*As The Veneer of Democracy Starts To Fade*

Compiled by Mike Johal

Shriekback	*Oil and Gold*
Love And Rockets	*7th Dream of Teenage Heaven*
AUAA	*Sun City*
Grapes of Wrath	*September Bowl of Green*
R.E.M.	*Fables of the Reconstruction*

Compiled by Stacey Fruin

Party With Me Punker Top 10

Olympic Sideburns	*LP*
Hype	*Life is Hard...Then You Die*
Scratch Acid	*12" EP*
Asexuals	*Be What You Want*
Descendandts	*I Don't Want to Grow Up*
Replacements	*When the Shit Hits the Fan (live cassette)*
Various Artists	*P.E.A.C.E.*
Meatmen	*War of the Superbikes*
Various Artists	*Flipside Vinyl Fanzine Vol. 2*
? and the Mysterians	*Dallas Reunion (cassette)*

Compiled by Mike Dennis

Power Chord Top Ten Metal Releases of 1985

S.O.D.	*Speak English or Die*
Megadeath	*Killing is My Business*
Fate's Warning	*The Spectre Within*
Anthrax	*Spreading the Disease*
Exodus	*Bonded By Blood*
Agent Steel Skeptics	*Apocolypse*
Razor	*Evil Invaders*
Helloween	*Walls of Jericho*
Iron Angel	*Hellish Crossfire*
Abbatoir	*Vicious Attack*

Compiled by Ron Singer

Jazz Top Ten

Jack DeJonette	*Album Album*
Abdullah Ibrahim	*Ekaya*
Benny Carter	*A Gentleman and His Music*
Miles Daves & John Coltrane	*Live in Stockholm 1960*
Lester Bowie	*Brass Fantasy*
Hank Mobley	*Another Workout*
John Coltrane	*Blue Train*
Miles Davis Quintet	*Cookin'*
Wynton Marsalis	*Black Codes (from the Underground)*
Thelonious Monk	*Blues Five Spot*

Compiled by Gavin Walker

cont. p. 8

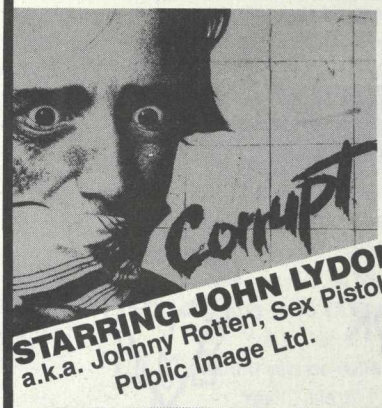
VANCOUVER EAST CINEMA

7th AVENUE & COMMERCIAL DRIVE 253-5455

highlights from our current program

TALKING HEADS
STOP MAKING SENSE

11:30 p.m. FRIDAY, January 3



Directed by Robert Faenza

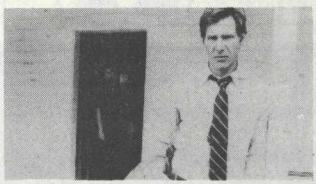
"Like **Performance** or **The Man Who Fell to Earth, Corrupt** presents the dramatic debut of an English rock star. . .John Lydon (a.k.a. Johnny Rotten) is as compelling a figure in his way as John Lennon, Mick Jagger or David Bowie."
—J. Hoberman, Village Voice

"A highly original psychological whodunit that is far above the usual chiller-thriller mayhem."
—Leo Seligsohn, Newsday

★ ONE WEEK ★
FRI. JAN. 3 - THURS. JAN 9
Showtime 9:30 p.m.

HARRISON FORD DOUBLE BILL

WITNESS **BLADE RUNNER**



7:15 WED. JAN. 15 & THURS. JAN. 16 9:25

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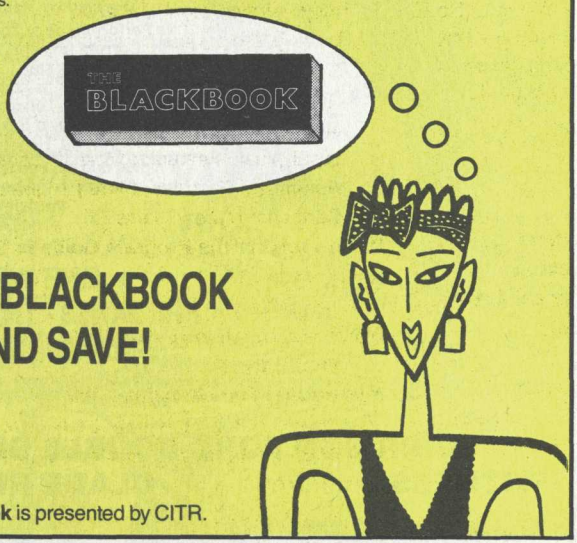
Free Passes — in addition to "2 for 1" coupons and "Percentage Off" coupons, The Blackbook has Free Passes. Each Blackbook has $55 worth of Free Passes to places like the Savoy, The Ridge Theatre, Luv-A-Fair, and the Town Pump.

Now Available at: Odyssey, Zulu, AMS TKTS (UBC) Langara Bookstore, VTC/CBO (Pacific Centre and 501 W. Georgia), Eaton's, Woodward's Box Offices (downtown) Manhattan Books, Cabbages & Kinx, Revolutions, and other locations.

Just $22.



THINK BLACKBOOK AND SAVE!

The Blackbook is presented by CITR.

cafe ZEN 禅

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST SPECIAL $2.65
—caffe latte, croissant or toast, juice

Open

Mon.-Thurs.	8 am-10:30 pm
Friday	8 am-Midnight
Saturday	11 am-Midnight
Sunday	noon-7 pm

820 HOWE STREET 683-5122

Top Tens of '85

Playloud Top Ten

Current 93	*Nature Unveiled*
	Dog's Blood Rising
Various	*The Fight Is On*
Coil	*Scatology*
Michael Brook	*Hybrid*
Hideous in Strength	*Line of Souls*
Nurse With Wound	*Hi-Thigh Companion*
	Brained by Falling Masonry
Mark Isham	*Film Music*
C Cat Trance	*Khamu*

Compiled by Larry Thiessen

Mel Brewer's Top Ten

Slow	*Against The Glass*
Skinny Puppy	*Bites*
Enigmas	*Strangely Wild*
Various	*Shindig—The Album*
Poisoned	*Poisoned EP*
Trevor Jones	*A Guy Who Sings*
Grapes of Wrath	*September Bowl of Green*
NoMeansNo	*You Kill Me*
Various	*Undergrowth '85 (cassette)*
No Fun	*1984 (cassette)*

FAST FORWARD FAVES FOR '85...
In no particular order

Bryan Ferry	*Boys and Girls LP*
	Nocturne 12" b-side
Current 93	*Dog's Blood Rising LP*
	Nature Unveiled LP
Nurse With Wound	*Short Dip in the Glory Hole*
	Sylvie and Babs...LP
Steven Brown/ Benjamin Lew	*A Propos D'un Paysage LP*
Nico	*Camera Obscura LP*
Paul Dolden	*Veils*
Various	*The Fight is On LP*
Peter Principle	*Sedimental Journey LP*
Various	*Devastate to Liberate*
Diana Rogerson et al	*The Inevitable Chrystal Belle Scrodd Record*
Various	*Security cassette*
Chris and Cosey	*Techno-Primitive LP*
Shriekback	*Oil and Gold*

"Memories, light the corners of my mind. . . ." B. Streisand

Compiled by Mark Mushet

Jason Grant—Music Director

Tom Waits	*Rain Dogs*
Enigmas	*Strangely Wild*
Slow	*Against the Glass*
Shriekback	*Oil and Gold*
Husker Du	*New Day Rising*
	Flip Your Wig
Nick Cave	*The Firstborn is Dead*
Einsturzende Neubauten	*Halber Mensch*
Billy Bragg	*Life's a Riot/ Between the Wars*
Jesus and Mary Chain	*Psychocandy*

CITR DISCORDER

???Listener/Reader Survey???

Sex M ☐ F ☐ **Age** _____

Are you a student of: UBC ☐
Other Post-Secondary Institution ☐
High School ☐
Life ☐
None of the above ☐

Have you listened to CITR? Yes ☐ No ☐

Do you normally listen on: 102 FM ☐ Cable 100 FM ☐

How often do you listen? Once a month ☐
Once a week ☐ Few days a week ☐
Daily ☐ Never ☐

Are you having problems picking up CITR? Yes ☐ No ☐

What are your feelings towards the following CITR features: (Rate on a scale of 1 - 5, 5 being "enjoy immensely" and 1 being "avoid like the plague.")

Regular Music Programming ____
News ____
Live Sports Broadcasts ____
Public Affairs programming ____

High Profiles ____	Generic Reviews ____
PSAs ____	No commercials ____
Music of Our Time ____	Rockers (Reggae Show) ____
Soul Galore ____	African Show ____
Fast Forward ____	Folk Show ____
Jazz Show ____	Just Like Women ____
UBC Weekly ____	Party With Me Punker ____
Top of the Bops ____	Mel Brewer Presents ____
Power Chord ____	Big Show ____
Neofile ____	Propaganda! ____

Do you enjoy listening to CITR's regular programming more or less than you did: 1 year ago: More ☐ Less ☐
2 years ago: More ☐ Less ☐

What other radio stations do you listen to?
CFRO (Co-op Radio) ☐ CBC AM ☐ CBC FM ☐
Top 40 FM Radio (please specify) _____
Top 40 AM Radio (please specify) _____

Do you tape music or other items from CITR? (We won't tell, promise.) Yes ☐ No ☐

DISCORDER

Where do you pick up *Discorder*?
Point Grey ☐ Downtown ☐ West End ☐ Gastown ☐
Kitsilano ☐ East End ☐ South Van ☐ North Shore ☐
Richmond ☐ Surrey ☐ New Westminster ☐

How many people read each copy?
Just me ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐

What aspects of *Discorder* would you like to see more or less of?
Airhead: More ☐ Less ☐
Behind the Dial: More ☐ Less ☐
Vinyl Verdict: More ☐ Less ☐
Demo Derby: More ☐ Less ☐
Armchair Eye: More ☐ Less ☐
Roving Ear: More ☐ Less ☐
Music Features: More ☐ Less ☐
Local Music Features: More ☐ Less ☐
Non-music Features: More ☐ Less ☐
Cartoons: More ☐ Less ☐

Do you refer to the Program Guide in *Discorder* before tuning in to CITR?
Yes ☐ No ☐

Would you be willing to pay for *Discorder*? (Just asking.)
Yes ☐ No ☐

And under what circumstances?
more pages ☐ to benefit CITR ☐ less advertising ☐

Which of the following would you like to see in *Discorder*?
DJ Profiles ☐ Local Gossip Column ☐
Book Reviews ☐
Political and/or Social Commentary ☐
Stories dealing with student issues ☐
Broader Arts coverage (dance, theatre, etc.) ☐

Comments about CITR or *Discorder*:
_____
_____
_____

YES KIDS, YOU CAN HELP CITR and *Discorder and* improve your record collection—simply scrawl your name and telephone number on your survey when you drop it off and you become eligible to win **a complete collection of Zulu, Nettwerk, or Undergrowth releases, plus a copy of the 1986 BLACKBOOK,** featuring savings amounting to more money than you have in your bank account!
Remember, one entry per person.

Photo Ross Cameron

THE WINGNUTS ARE MR. SCUM ALIAS Surfer Joe Wave; he sings on a few songs like "Free Lunch" and "Surfin' on the Nuclear Wave." He also does most of the talking. Mr. Wing is the main singer, and with good reason; the man has a great voice. He also plays the guitar and some bass. Mr. Nut is Mr. Wing's fellow harmonizer and he also plays the bass, the humazoo and the guitar when Mr. Wing is playing bass. Mark Killer Buckets is the drummer and Mr. Asbestos plays guitar.

It all began one day in Walla Walla, Washington when the members of the Wingnuts were "tripping" through the woods separately. They overhead each other's conversation and started talking. It was there, in Walla Walla, where the Wingnuts discovered their identity as Wingnuts. Mr. Scum told me that it was spontaneous human combusion; he also told me a lot of other things as well. Like I said, he did most of the talking.

He told me that the Wingnuts were "walking contradictions," that they were "gurus and practitioners of spontaneous human combustion." He said that they were into peace, love and crunchy granola; that the Wingnuts were into "Wingnuttery." They are all naturalists and animalists that would like to live in Nanouse Bay in a cabin after all the nuclear arms are removed from the area so that it would be quiet enough to meditate. He gave me a list of trendy authors that he, I mean the Wingnuts, liked: Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, and Reid Flemming, The World's Toughest Milkman.

The band are all currently unemployed and Mr. Scum confided in me that this was because the Wingnuts don't believe in work, as it supports the monetary system. Work is the upkeeper of Conservatism and Liberalism, equity rather than equality. Then he said that the band liked to shop at used clothing stores. Mr. Wing agreed and added that they all liked polyester clothes in loud clashing psychedelic colours. "We have a psychedelic attitude although our music isn't." Then Mr. Scum said, "Yeah, we also like macrobiotic food." A few other band members said, "Yeah, macrobiotic."

At this point the drummer, Mark Killer Buckets, who had taken his wild shirt off after the performance, interjected that the Wingnuts liked to have a good time and he said that it was entertainment. The band all agreed that Mark was their favorite drummer.

Further into the interview I asked what they were going to do if they won. They told me that they were going to sell the recording time back to the studio and buy food for themselves and the needy. When I asked about a future demo tape the Wingnuts said it depended on whether they were starving. Apparently, as their song "Free Lunch" would imply, they really do eat out of garbage cans; at least that's what Mr. Scum told me. I guess that's why the go busking outside of liquor stores. Mr. Nut said they hadn't for about six months, mostly because they hadn't had time, and plus it's cold outside which can make busking rather uncomfortable.

I thought I'd save the end of this article to rave. I think the Wingnuts are great. They all play their instruments well and creatively and man-oh-man, can Mr. Wing sing. This band really cooks, bakes, slices and dices; they write good songs, too. The Wingnuts, as Mr. Wing puts it, were "born bouncing."

—Julia Steele

Photo Ross Cameron

"WE'RE THE ZEALOTS. THOUSANDS of years ago, there was a group of people at a place called Masada who committed mass suicide rather than be captured by the invading Roman army. They were the original Zealots, or religious fanatics, and we admire them. So don't fuck with us, or we'll kill ourselves."

So begins the performance of the Zealots, a new Vancouver band which centres around the talents of guitarist Peter Mitchell and his neat effects. That the Zealots are a vehicle for Mitchell is clearly evident upon hearing them perform; Peter writes all their material, and every song in the entertaining, eclectic set contains at least one admittedly well-mastered guitar solo of indeterminate length.

"I write songs of all genres," says Mitchell, "from jazz to sappy Barry Manilow-type things. (A brave confession!) But we try to play only the songs that will appeal to the audience before us.

"Just watching bands play can get really boring—I know I get bored. The problem is that the live show is seldom as interesting as just listening to the music. I would like to produce a total audio-visual experience on stage, an evening of live video, a jump inside your TV set. Unfortunately, most clubs in Vancouver do not have the space nor the facilities, so any complex presentation will not work."

Mitchell has an interesting history. After leaving the family home in Horsehoe Bay at age 13 with a grade seven education he lived for three years in "a fairy-tale cabin, without heat, running water, or electricity," near Squamish. Over the next few years he played bluegrass in Vancouver, Montreal Nashville, California and Oregon. Returning to Vancouver, he broke his back while working for the railway. "For a few years I couldn't work—I couldn't even walk. I just sat around doing drugs, until my girlfriend suggested that I go back to school."

After studying music at Capilano College for three years, Peter once again immersed himself in the local music, playing "mostly acoustic stuff—jazz, mandolin—but also in several Bottom -40 bands, until I formed Gizmo, my first real project." Gizmo was short-lived, but managed to produce a video for the single "Nightmare."

A stint with C&W band Line Driver and a year-long search for the right musicians ended in the discovery of John Rule (drums, vocals) and Martin Walton (who also plays bass with '84 Shindig winner, Red Herring). With the addition of mime Lawrence Smythe for visual stimulation, the Zealots were born.

"Music is such a tool—it goes beyond listening to radio—it twists the subconscious," says Mitchell. "You can literally make people shit their pants by using a 20 Hz tone. Fortunately, that's illegal.

"Everything in the universe works on musical/sound spheres. All matter is differentiated by vibration and sound. If you can control this, you can control the world. I would like to make incredible amounts of money and put it into particle manipulation research. That way you could change anything into anything. You could turn missles into a loaf of bread or a rutabaga."

—Jay Scott

Photo Ross Cameron

THE LITTLE RATSKULLS ARE: JASON Gibbs (19), vocals; Jim Newman (23), guitar and vocals; Ralph Allan (23), bass and artwork, Kerr (prounced "care") Belliveau (19), drums.

Although the Little Ratskulls may have seemed like a brand new band to most Vancouverites when they settled here last July, these guys are no debutantes. Before the Ratskulls, who have been together for a little over a year now, Jim (the main songwriter of the band) and Kerr played in a band called Society's Grudge for three years.

Kerr, the youngest Ratskull, has been in bands since he was twelve, as has Jason, who claims that, compared to the Little Ratskulls, the others were just a waste of time. Ralph, the cartoonist and, according to Jim, "beer-drinking slob" of the group, used to be in Kill City, the Rippers, and Anti-Christ Incorporated back in Winnipeg. As far as I can tell, the Little Ratskulls have only played five times in the five months they've been in Vancouver.

The Little Ratskulls just want more opportunities to play rock and roll (and, says Jim, to buy a van), and they don't think they have much appeal for 15-year-olds with mohawks. Besides trying to avoid the limitations imposed on any bands classified as hardcore, the Ratskulls don't *play* hardcore, as anyone who's heard them knows. It's more difficult to say what it is they *do* play. Some of their favourite songs are the Buzzcocks' "You Say You Don't Love Me," Elvis Presley's "Burning Love," "Catholic School Girls Rule" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and "Nights in White Satin" by the Dickies *(not* the Moody Blues' symphonic original version!). They also claim the Damned and Undertones as influences, and NoMeans No, Death Sentence, and Slow are the Ratskulls' local faves.

It was Slow that they reminded me of the first time I saw them, with the main difference being the two bands' vocals—Slow relies on the snarling solo voice of Tom Anselmi and the Ratskulls' vocal power comes from rough harmonies which, although melodic, are in no danger of sounding wimpy.

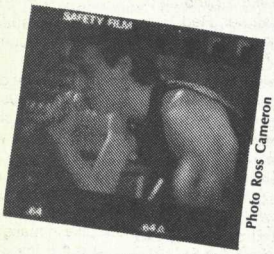


Photo Ross Cameron

Besides being classified as hardcore, another thing the Little Ratskulls don't want is to be political, mainly because they feel that politics in music tend to get repetitious. At the same time, "Poach Me" (the one song on their demo to be playlisted at CITR) is "anti-heroin," inspired by Ralph's reading William S. Burroughs' *Junkie.*

"Poach Me," with three other songs ("Doesn't Make it Easy," "Not Really Pleasure," and "Dependence") showed up at CITR on the Little Ratskulls' cassette, *Pistol Whipping a Hippy,* just about the time that the band won their round of the Shindig semi-finals. The tape, recorded in very little time and with almost no advance notice (when Slow failed to show up for some studio time they had booked, the Ratskulls took their place) isn't exactly what the band had wanted. Compared to the band's exuberant performance on stage, the cassette sounds a little subdued, but not as subdued as might be expected, considering that Jason had to do some of the vocals at 6 a.m. Yet the demo does give a good idea of the Ratskulls' scary/catchy pop sound, and is well worth borrowing from someone even just for Ralph's off-the-wall packaging. I can hardly wait to see what a record label (or the Ratskulls themselves) with a little money can do for a band with this kind of potential.

—Janis Mackenzie

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1985 The Year in Local Music

Jason Grant Peers into the Past

LIVING IN VANCOUVER MEANS HAVING a considerable supply of hope. Hope? Yeah, like hoping it won't rain again, hoping the floor of your car hasn't rusted through, hoping your cheque (welfare or otherwise) lets you sleep in a warm bed *and* eat, and maybe, just maybe, see a couple of shows this month.

For those close to the local music scene, hope comes in the form of aspiring artists. A glance at last year's year-end piece in *Discorder* points out that "...the trio of big hopes, Art Bergmann and Poisoned, 54/40 and Bolero Lava remain(ed) just that—hopes."

Well, we're through another year and where do our three heroes stand now, in the big picture of international music?

They made strides locally and toured various parts of Canada, but the *Poisoned* EP didn't carry quite the visceral impact of Bergmann's cassette release in the summer of '84. 54/40 continued to develop strong new material, moving farther away from their earlier work with each new song, and a deal with a label was all that kept them from releasing a full-lengh LP last year. Bolero Lava...well, I didn't peg them as high as Mike Johal did last year, if only because of the brevity of their existence, but with good management, consistent songwriting, and a broadening audience I'd say that 1986 could be the year for them.

Skinny Puppy's Nevik Ogre—good clean family entertainment.

Photo Dave Jacklin

While these three were toiling away in that netherworld between critical acclaim and popular success, some other, newer faces were leapfrogging into the spotlight.

THE NETTWERK TEAM, coached by Terry McBride, took careful aim at the North American market and gave it a double-barrelled blast, with simultaneous releases from Grapes of Wrath and Skinny Puppy. Slick packaging, attention to detail and good business sense have gained Nettwerk recognition in Europe, England and major North American centres, not to mention a distribution deal with Capitol/EMI. Of course, good packaging is pretty much useless if you don't have a good product, but in Skinny Puppy, Grapes of Wrath and Moev, Nettwerk seems to have product to spare.

Skinny Puppy, while not everyone's cup of tea, create a consistent, powerful image with their live pyrotechnics, and the LP *Bites,* han appeal for fans of everyone from Depeche Mode to Black Sabbath (yeah, Black Sabbath. You'll have to trust me on that one). The Grapes lean to a more jangly pop sound, althought their LP, *September Bowl of Green,* shows flashes of bigger, more complex structures than your average guitar-pop band. Moev is an unknown quantity as yet, although the *Alibis* 12" points the way to a crisp, calculated, brittle sound without much heart. They have an LP slated to be released very soon, followed by a major tour.

Whither now Nettwerk? The next step will be a perilous one. Nonetheless, this label gets my vote for success story of the year.

1985 WAS NOT A BANNER YEAR for Mo Da Mu. Both 54/40 and Bolero Lava opted not to release their records through MDM. The Work Party, after a great 12" ("The Work Song"/"Come On Over") broke up as they were about to release a second 12". The Animal Slaves disappeared too, but there were only making like Mandrake, reappearing after three months in the far East (Montreal). They released a polished piece of aural sculpture entitled *Dog Eat Dog* prior to the move, an album that speaks volumes for their musicianship. Rachel Melas continues to amaze with her funky, intricate basslines and if some find Elizabeth Fischer's singing acutely annoying, I admire her increased emphasis on those quirky vocal phrasings that make her sound so unique and individual. Expect bigger things of the Animal Slaves in '86.

Everybody's favorite local downer, Emily, found herself some new toys and tinkered her way to a 60-minute cassetted, *Neat and Tidy and in Your Mind.* While I didn't enjoy it as much as the *Steel Bar* tape of 1984, it still had enough twists and turns to satisfy your average noise fiend.

The last band affiliated with MDM is Rhythm Mission. After placing second in last year's Shindig finals, the Missionaries went into hibernation for a long time, emerging infrequently during 1985. After recording their LP they were forced to wait four month's for their engineer to finish with the new Loverboy LP before final mix and release. Meanwhile, keyboardist Lee Kelsey took up permanent residence in T.O., leaving RM without an ivory tickler. Shazam! From nowhere appears Niko, ex-Beverly Sisters, to board key and complete the lineup. Watch for an LP, *Wild Mood Swings,* in the new year.

THE NEWEST KID on Vancouver's corporate block in Undergrowth Records. Originally conceived by promoter Laurie Mercer, Undergrowth has prospered under the direction of Norm Utas. Among the releases from Undergrowth are a 5-song 7" from AKOB, a hardcore

blues outfit with a distinctly '70's punk style, a 7" from reptilian plectorist Snakefinger, and the long-awaited second LP from NoMeansNo. *You Kill Me* does a lot of things, but it fails to capture the awesome intensity this band generates live. Only the cover of "Manic Depression" fulfills the promise of those sweaty evenings spent thrashing to the trio from Victoria.

Undergrowth rounded out the year with a release from the cream of Vancouver's hardcore crop. Death Sentence churn and burn for eights songs on *Not A Pretty Sight,* and although clichéd, the album gets by on sheer energy. Now a foursome, Death Sentence seem to have gotten the most out of the studio time they won at Shindig and further touring down South should establish them alongside SNFU as one of Canada's top new hardcore bands.

ACROSS TOWN, ZULU RECORDS were by no means idle during 1985. They cranked out three EPs, one mini-LP, and a 7" single without putting a single grey hair on owner Grant McDunagh's head. The Enigmas' *Strangely Wild* EP, Go Four 3's debut EP and the Slow single ("I Broke the Circle"/"Black is Black") made up the first batch, a spicy assortment of rock sounds that were followed later in the year by an EP from Brilliant Orange and Slow's mini-LP *Against The Glass.* Ironically, Zulu remains further from the mainstream than Nettwerk, even though all of the bands play basic rock 'n' roll. Perhaps because basic rock 'n' roll barely exists in the mainstream these days. I don't know.

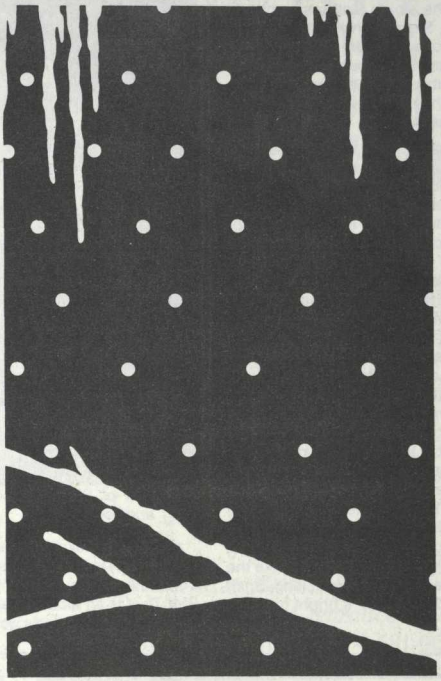
The Enigmas put on some mind-frying shows around the release of their EP and went on to move feet, sweat brows and leap tall buildings across the Great White North. When they came back they were even hotter. In fact, they were so hot, they forced themselves to take a break. To date, this break continues.

Go Four 3, wide-eyed and bursting with pride, celebrated the release of their EP by getting drunk and then trying to play at the Zulu Revue (one of the top shows in my book). The Gofers wre pretty awful that night, but recent performances show that vocalist Roxanne Heichert has developed a great stage presence, and a voice to match. Must have had something to do with *their* jaunt across Canada.

Brilliant Orange have gained a reputation in town as a good live act, and both "Happy Man" and "Shotguns, Cacti, and Vengence" reached the top of CITR's charts as demos. Their EP breaks no new musical ground, but stands as one of the better local releases nonetheless.

Finally, the Zulu stable houses a wild-eyed stallion called Slow. Slow: the band that makes more Vancouver musicians take up carpentry or repent and join the seminary. Slow: the epitome of being 18, with a bad attitude and a brother with a big record collection. Slow: the band that eats nightclubs. "I Broke the Circle," in all its funky, trashy orgasmic glory was only a hint of what was to be unleashed from this unruly lot. *Against the Glass* is a bonecrushing, feverish record. Slow kicks the blues into overdrive, leaves all emotion raw and bleeding, but still writes harmonies that stick in your head like flies on flypaper. Despite not making big waves until after the summer, they're still my pick for band of the year.

WITH ALL THE LABEL ACTIVITY and promotion it would be easy to forget about all the DIY releases that came out in '85. Easy, but stupid. Independent releases from Poisoned, Red Herring, Kevin Zed, Trevor Jones, Spirit of the West, I Braineater, and, of course, D.O.A. brought the music out of the bars and into your living rooms.



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Red Herring, last year's Shindig winners, parlayed their prize into a six-song EP, *Taste Tests,* released in September on their own Neon Records. Although the album features some nice guitar work from Stephen Nikleva and some amusing lyrical concepts from Enrico Renz, it lacks the hooks that make people want to tell all their friends about it. Red Herring are still finding their feet in the public eye; '86 should see some big progress.

Keven Zed's 5-song EP *Double Dutch* features well-produced versions of three songs heard as demos on CITR, plus two others. Zed is an effective songwriter, but the EP lacks any standout track (although the Talking Headish "Saigon Orders" comes close). Look for a live debut in 1986.

That suave sophisticated guy who sings, Trevor Jones, finally made his debut on Big International Records. *A Guy Who Sings* represents a great leap forward form the simplistic noodlings of 1984's "Libido Love"/"Icky Ya Ya" tape. Blessed with versatile vocal chords, Trevor recruited some of Vancouver's better musicians from both the jazz and rock communities to craft four exciting, soulful tunes.

Spirit of the West, a three-piece folk outfit who draw on Celtic influences while retaining a definitely West Coast feel, established a large club following in 1985. They also released a debut LP early in the year. It's a high-energy "spirited" record that manages to cross many musical boundaries. With the success of bands like the Pogues and The Men They Couldn't Hang, Spirit of the West seem destined for a bright future in '86 and beyond.

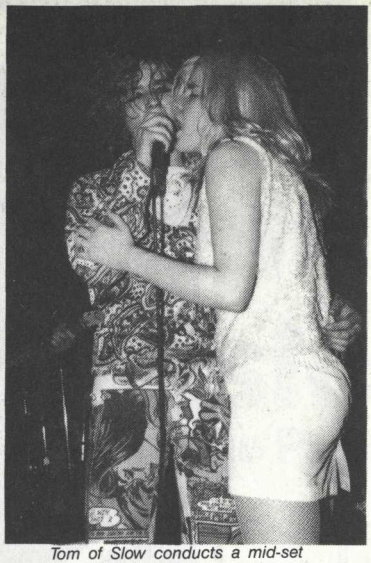

Photo Dave Jacklin

Tom of Slow conducts a mid-set audition.

Also unoverlookable (I know it's not a word, but it should be) is the LP by the dynamic duo of Jim Cummins and Andy Graffiti; I Braineater. *Artist Poet Thief* is an album based around Jim's now time-worn version of this world in black and white. Stark primitive melodies (powered by Andy's kiney-pummeling kick-tom, fueled by Jim's roaring guitar line) are laid waste by the latter's cheerless yelping.

Mustn't forget about the biggest seller of the independent lot: D.O.A. Here's a band that shelled out big bucks to get Brian "Too Loud" McLeod to produce, give the pre-release hype a real workout, then put out a record that, in comparison to past releases, just lay there. After *War on 45,* D.O.A. would have had to spill their blood on the vinyl to achieve anything more powerful. Songs like "Let's Wreck the Party," "General Strike" and "Trial By Media" show that they had the right idea, but ran into problems getting that idea onto vinyl. Still the same bunch of committed, idealistic, state-smashers, D.O.A. will keep chugging along until they lost that idealism or their sense of the absurd. *Let's Wreck the Party* may represent an era on its way out, or maybe just a lapse in concentration. I hope it's the latter.

Other noteworthy releases in included The Spores' *Schizofungix,* Rick Scott's *You Better Dancing,* the Promises' 2-song 12" and the Bob's Your Uncle cassette.

And of course, the year in review would not be complete without a look back at Shindig, the greatest local showcase on God's green earth. After the success of the competition in '84, organizers Dave Ball and Jay Scott went into '85 with hopes high. The spring session of Shindig saw local hardcore bands spring to the fore, as Death Sentence and NG3 joined fuck-band the Nerve Tubes (members of whom, we are told, also played in another band that won another, aspiring local battle-of-the-bands, small world,

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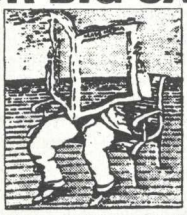
huh?) in the finals. In what is now known as the Great Shindig Wars, the Nerve Tubes came away with top prize as irate hardcore fans voiced and threw their displeasure in the direction of the hapless MCs. And these people wonder why they never get invited to church socials.

But that wasn't all. Nosiree. Grant McDonagh of Zulu Records helped put together an LP containing two tracks each from the Shindig finalists from December and May, with mixes recorded live by the Commercial Electronics' mobile 24-track studio. You all, of course, should own a copy by now.

The fall Shindig was less spectacular. This is to be expected, I suppose, given the finite supply of bands in any given city, and the rather high standards set in previous Shindigs. Nonetheless, some good fun was had by all, we all drank too much, and three bands (profiled in page 8 of this issue) made it to the finals. Shindig will now take a well-earned rest, both to allow its organizers to catch their breath and allow another crop of bands to blossom in Vancouver's fertile musical soil.

So that was that. Another year, another bushel of broken hearts, another ashtray of butted-out hopes. And another year to look forward in hope. Always hope.

OUR BIG SALE



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Publications

VANCOUVER'S LOCAL MUSIC scene received unprecedented press coverage in 1985, both on the local and national level. Nationally, D.O.A. were the big drawing card, pulling ink from the pens of writers from *Spin, Playboy,* and a bunch of other big-circulation rags (including, we hear through the grapevine, *Hustler* magazine, for shame, for shame). Emily and 54/40 both copped space in *Option* magazine, one of the worthy successors to *OP* magazine as the bible of American independents. *Canadian Musician* magazine even published a large section devoted to Vancouver acts. I suppose we should be grateful, but...

Locally, the dailies both offered more than adequate coverage of the locl independent scene. Sure, it would be nice to see more, but how much can you realistically expect from a rag that asks its readers if they'd like to see more sex stories?

On the weekly/monthly scene, things were busy and unpredictable. The *Georgia Straight* trudged on, firm in its belief that its readers wanted its editor to take another junket to L.A. to talk to movie stars rather than pay any attention to what's going on under his nose. The slack was picked up by *Discorder* (hey, we never said we were humble) and two magazines that made a valiant attempt to cover local music before sinking beneath a sea of red ink and apathy. *Issue* magazine took the gas this year, and while they lasted they managed to offer an interesting, if sometimes yes-we-went-to-art-school pretentious, overview of local art and (much to the consternation of some of their patrons) music. They will be sorely missed. *Profile* lasted two issues before realizing that putting out a free magazine without advertising is a wonderfully quick road to bankruptcy. There is word of publisher Jamie Nicholson taking another shot at it in the New Year. We wish him the best of luck.

While keeping track of fanzines is a task I generally leave to the really rabid, a few at least deserve mention: *Generic Drivel,* who managed to put out a great Christmas cassette *and* receive letters accusing them of sexism, all in the same year. And the *Plague,* who have the honesty to grow up in public, and great cartoons to boot, and who have soldiered on despite (because of?) being banned in several high schools. The rest of you, keep it up (or start); rock criticism is, and shall probably ramain, the home of inspired amateurs. But be careful; remember what happened to Lester Bangs.

—Jason Grant

PROGRAM

WEEKDAY REGULARS

7:30 am **Sign-On**
8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT.**
1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
4:30 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
6:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS, INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE.**
4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

ARTZMONDAY MAGAZINE
7:15-10:00 am
A three-part radio program dedicated to a creative mix of sounds, music and words:
7:15-8:00 *Cancon* Music Made in Canada
8:15-9:00 *Happenings/* short announcements, short features.
9:00-10:00 *RadioCinema/* Words, Music and Sounds, directed by Essy.

THE JAZZ SHOW
11:00 pm-12:00 am
Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.
06 Jan. **Abdulla Ibrahim** *Ekaya*—a repeat feature.
13 Jan. A portrait of **Grant Green.** One of the best (along with Wes Montgomery) jazz guitarists of the 1960's. From various records.
20 Jan. **John Handy.** *Live at Monteray.* Alto-saxophonist/composer Handy was the hit of the 1966 Monteray Jazz Festival. We'll relive this excitement.
27 Jan. **Sonny Rollins—***Worktime.* Recorded in 1955 after his first absence from the jazz scene. Considered by many to be one of rollins' best albums.

TUESDAYS

PLAYLOUD
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Home taping isn't the only thing killing music. Listen, decay and rest in pain. Aural surgery and discipline performed by Larry Thiessen. Things to brace yourself for this month:
07 Jan. The Culling—a monthly exploratory operation performed on CITR's Spinlist.
14 Jan. *Live Burial*—Cult bands in performance: **Current 93, TG, Virgin Prunes, Psychic TV** and worse.
21 Jan. Lac de sang hante de mauvais anges. Musique en Francais.
28 Jan. To be announced.

WEDNESDAYS

UBC WEEKLY
9:00-9:30
A new show dealing with issues of concern to students at UBC.

JUST LIKE WOMEN
6:20-7:30 pm
Woman, heal thyself with Ann and Lil's remedy for the Old Boys' Network: an hour of news, interviews, and music. A shot in the arm for all women, and for any man who likes them.

THE KNIGHT AFTER
Midnight to 4:00 am
Music to clobber Yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S. This show will really mess up your BMW!

THURSDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!
4:00-6:00 pm
A new time slot for this two-hour show which specializes in music described, for the lack of a better word, as "punk rock." But it can mean anything from the alcohol-rock of the Replacements to the brutal thrash of D.R.I. and anything in between. With your hosts Mike Dennis and Andrea Garnier.
02 Jan. **Dead Boys** final concert-"live" at CBGBs
09 Jan. TBA
16 Jan. Italian Hardcore
23 Jan. TBA
30 Jan. **Killing Joke**

TOP OF THE BOPS
8:00-9:00 pm

MEL BREWER PRESENTS
11:00 pm-Midnight
We speak with our eyes closed. You should listen with your mouth open. It's a gabfest presented by Mel, man. Know what's going on locally without leaving home, especially you agoraphobics. Watch out for black ice, Win things. Get happy.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE
7:30-10:30 am
STIRRINGS: Awaken to the sense-stirring music and interviews of CITR's Primal DJ, the White Wolf. Psychodramatic interviews, poetry reading, insights into the world of ethnic music and culture, environmental territories are all part of the Wolf's habitat. Your host and local changling Kirby Scott Hill.

VANCOUVER INSTITUTE LECTURES
7:30-8:30 am
Lectures from the Vancouver Institute's Saturday night lecture series.

POWER CHORD
5:00-6:00 pm
Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

FRIDAY NIGHT FETISH
6:20-9:00 pm
Word salad and cooking tips from habitual guest Beverly and delinquent trends and revelations from that Annoying Guy...Radio for people striving for less than adequacy in their lives.

THE BIG SHOW
9:00 pm-midnight
Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big InternationAl can't get you dancing, no-one can.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Interviews with local musicians and artists, the newest sounds at CITR, your personal requests and even golden oldies. What more could you want? Hosted by Andreas Kitzmann and Sheri Walton.

WEEKEND REGULARS

7:30 am **Sign-On** *(Saturdays)*
8:00 am **Sign-On** *(Sundays)*
Noon **BRUNCH REPORT**
News, sports and weather.
6:00 pm **SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE**
News, sports and weather, plus **GENERIC REVIEW,** analysis of current affairs and special features.
4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE FOLK SHOW
10:30 am-Noon
Host Steve Edge presents a wide range of folk music, extending from the latest U.K. Rogue-Folk through to all kinds of traditional music from Canada, U.S.A., the British Isles and just about anywhere else. Plus the latest U.K. soccer results at 11 a.m.
04 Jan. English singer & frequent visitor to Vancouver, **Roy Bailey** with highlights from his latest ablum ...*Freedom Peacefully* and some of his earlier stuff
11 Jan. New LPs by **Fairport Convention** and **The Oyster Band.**
18 Jan. The late, brilliant Montreal fiddle-player **Jean Carrignan.**
25 Jan. **J. Knutson** of **Spirit of the West** presents some of the music be discovered in Australia, as well as some of his own personal faves.

GUIDE

NEOFILE
Noon-4:00 pm
Join CITR's music directors as they take you through the station's new and exciting Spin List.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GILLIGAN'S ISLAND?
4:00-6:00 pm
The quest for ultimate truth continues... More metaphysics of the airwaves. This month:
04 Jan. Rugby philosophy
11 Jan. The wisdom of **Derek And Clive**
18 Jan. **Tom Lehrer's** code of ethics
25 Jan. The Histories of Pliny The Elder Is Sonny Crockett *really* Gilligan?

PROPAGANDA!
6:30-9:00 pm
An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

PYJAMA PARTY
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights.

TUNES 'R' US
Late night 1:00-4:00 am
Music, Music, Music, Handyman Bob, Music, Music, My Favorite Album, Music, Music, Experimental To Classical, Teddy Kelowna presents, and yes more music.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME
8:00 am-Noon
A sampling of the vibrant, electric and exhilirating sounds often erroneously filed under the misnomer of "classical" (i.e. pedantic) music. Paul Smith continues his musical lexicon of the twentieth century, and is joined by Tylor Cutforth, with his favorite remedies for Sunday morning complacency.
05 Jan. Works for the Ondes Martenot
12 Jan. **Kodaly**—*Duo for Violin and Cello*
19 Jan. **Shostakovich:** *Fifth Symphony*
26 Jan. Neoclassical splendour with **Stravinsky's** *The Rake's Progress*

ROCKERS SHOW
Noon-3:00 pm
The best in reggae with host George Family Man Barrett, Jerry the Special Selector, the Major Operator, and Collin the Prentice.

SOUL GALORE
3:00-4:30 pm
Focusing on Black-American popular music of this century, this program takes you from the birth of the blues through doo-wop, soul and funk, from Massachusetts to California and everywhere in between.

THE AFRICAN SHOW
4:30-6:00 pm
A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE
8:00-9:00 pm
Your UI cheque didn't make it in time for the weekend. You've got no cash and you're going to miss the Big Gig. So you've decided to end it all. Before you try and get yourself run down by the SkyTrain, tune into Sunday Night Live and relive those memories of past Big Gigs. Just turn up your radio to an unbearable volume level, smoke lots of cigarettes, and you're there. Your host: Paul Clark.
05 Jan. *John Martyn Live at Leeds.* Recorded in '75 and released by Island Records in limited edition, this captures Martyn at the height of his "folkie" period. Possibly his best record ever.
12 Jan. **Laurie Anderson** recorded live in Vancouver, June 1st, 1984, Pt. I
19 Jan. **Laurie Anderson** live Pt. II
26 Jan. **R.E.M.** at the Paramount Theatre in Seattle, July '85. Warm summer memories for cold winter nights.

FAST FORWARD
9:00 pm-1:00 am
Probably Vancouver alternative radio's most alternative show. Mark Mushet searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.
05 Jan. Yes, me too. A recap of 1985. The coolest and most deliberately obscure sounds of the year.
12 Jan. By popular demand, and to further the cause of nepotism...The return of **The Security Show!** Now available on Undergrowth Cassettes, the pressure from certain factions to rebroadcast this epic achievement has been too great. Oh god how we suffer...
19 Jan. Nothing dentured, nothing pained.
26 Jan. Larry and I take your tapes and ours, bastardize them in the cruelest ways, and mix them live on air via the station's collective facilities. In other words, the third performance by the "Various Artists" collective. And no, there's no such label as FASTFUCK. Tape it yourselves.

THE EARLY MUSIC SHOW
Late night 1:00-3:35 am
Join host Ken Jackson for music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented at an appropriately early hour.
06 Jan. TBA
13 Jan. Baroque Theatre music
20 Jan. **Jan Monteverdi's** *Return of Ulysses Pt. I*
27 Jan. *Return to Ulysses Pt. II*

LIVE THUNDERBIRD SPORTS BROADCASTS

HOCKEY
Fri. 03 Jan., 7:20 pm
UBC T-Birds vs. Cornell University
Fri. 17 Jan., 7:20 pm
UBC T-Birds vs. Manitoba Bisons

BASKETBALL
Sat. 18 Jan., 8:20 pm
UBC T-Birds vs. Victoria Vikings
Fri. 24 Jan., 8:20 p.m.
UBC T-Birds vs. Lethbridge
Sat. 25 Jan, 8:20 p.m.
UBC T-Birds vs. Calgary Dinosaurs

PARTY TIME

By Chris Pearson

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VINYL VERDICT

Rhythm Mission
Wild Mood Swings
MoDaMu

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME.
Ever since emerging from the ashes of the sorely misunderstood A.K.A., Rhythm Mission have shown the potential to do something BIG, something that kicks out the boundaries of the "Vancouver Sound." Armed with a sharp wit, sharper players, the big beat, and a love of the mutant groove, RM offered a taste of the East Coast jazz/funk without that scene's whiteface nihilism junkie posturing, or high camp makeup. They could also function as a wonderful dance band, if you didn't mind a little dischord thrown into your disco.

All that promise, but no record. Poeple were outraged when RM entered Shindig—"they've been around forever"—until it was pointed out that the band had never appeared on vinyl. That was remedied with the two Rhythm Mission live tracks on the *Shindig Album* (buy yours now) and now we have an album from the Missionaries.

And is it BIG? Does it fulfill all the promise? Tell us, please. Well, yes, but...and no, but... *Wild Mood Swings* is big—broad in its musical scope, sharp in its lyrical attack. Rhythm Mission tackle everything from mutant funk to mutant jump with a spry rhythmic touch (why do you think they're called...?) and a fondness for sudden twists into ear-popping dischord.

Particularly noteworthy is the guitar work of Scott Harding, which ranges from the singing slide on "Life's Level" to the crunching hard-rock parody on "Dinosaur Rock." It's also nice to hear the inventive keyboard work of the now-departed Lee Kelsey, so much of which is lost in the shuffle of the band's live show. And the, ahem, rhythm section is flawless: limber, punchy, hugging the groove (but not too tightly).

Dennis Mill's lyrics have a sharp, ironic bite without being cold. Mills' early James Chance obsession has left its mark to be sure, but the nihilism of that nasty little man from New York has been supplanted in Mills' approach by a humanism that is celebratory without losing its head, positive without losing perspective. And Mills' pulls off at least one amazing feat, managing, in "Dinosaur Rock," to tie in everything from being kept awake by the fights outside at a Top-40 "giver" bar (as in "give 'er shit"), to the conflicts between the superpowers, all without missing a beat.

And the "but..."? Well, *Wild Mood Swings* is big, but listening to it, one wishes it could be BIGGER. Andy Graffiti's percussion and Warren Ash's drums, which could provide the drive needed to send the band over the top, sound muted—a touch of crispness is missing. And while Mills' voice has an insinuating edge to it, one is left wishing that he could let go and unleash something spine-tingling every once and a while. Or maybe I've been listening to Koko Taylor and Jackie Wilson too much lately. (Think of it, Koko and Jackie singing with RM—sorry Dennis.)

And the promise? Still unfulfilled, but then this is RM's first album (I still find that hard to believe). *Wild Mood Swings* is very good, but RM can be great, as they have shown in their better live shows. It's big, and I'd be happy to own it, but I'm looking forward to something BIGGER.

—CD

Robert Cray
False Accusations
Demon

FAMILIARITY WITH THE DEMON LABEL breeds the expectation of recordings by blues artists with a difference. Demon focuses on blues-based artists, such as Gatemouth Brown and Johnny Copeland, who reach beyond the standard 12-bar blues. Although not as unusual as many of the others on the label, Robert Cray fits the Demon mold. *False Accusations* has a soul/blues/R&B flavour given an individual personality through the soulful voice of Robert Cray.

False Accusations fails to cut any new paths lyrically as the standard blues topics of lovin' and cheatin' predominate. Despite this limitation, the strength of the album is Cray's silken voice which works well in tandem with his mellifluous guitar. Rough edges are scarce, but the earthy delivery of Cray and his band prevents *False Accusations* from banal slickness, and instead keeps it soulfully bluesy.

—Kevin Smith

Yoko Ono
Starpeace
Polygram

THIS ALBUM ANNOYS THE HELL OUT OF me; small doses of *Starpeace* make me queasy and initiate violent, nefarious thoughts in this impressionable mind of mine. Yoko has dished up an album of innocuous pop music coupled with her message to the peoples of this world, solar system and universe. The insight of this former avant garde artist is so deep and profound it's frightening—ya, right.

Production help supplied by the omnipresent Bill Laswell, some all-too-familiar backing by Sly and Robbie, and workmanlike assistance from others such as Tony Williams, Shankar and Eddie Martinez, make much of the music passable if not inspiring. Unfortunately, Yoko's vocals don't mesh with the music. Never a true singer but that I can handle; however, a spike being driven into the base of my skull by songs such as "Sky People," "Star Peace," "Children Power" and "I Love You Earth" is a little much. Her pretentious, didactic approach offers nothing of real value. I think I get it, but I just don't want it.

—Kevin Smith

Various Artists
Feed The Folk
Polygram

NOT JUST ANOTHER BUNCH OF ARTISTS jumping on the LiveAid bandwagon, this LP represents some of the finest folk music performers of the past 10 years or so donating their work to a worthy cause (in this case the Save the Children Fund). It was put together by Robin Morton, one of Scotland's most prominent record producers.

There are 13 songs, with the best efforts provided by Billy Bragg singing Leon Rosselsson's song "The World Turned Upside Down" (about the Diggers' attempt to take over the land for the good of the common people in 17th Century England), the Battlefield Band's fine anthem "I Am The Common Man" and Canada's own Kate and Anna McGarrigle with a song specially written for the LP. Other fine contributions are from Fairport Convention, Richard Thompson, Steeleye Span, Loudon Wainwright and Paul Brady giving full rein to his predilection for long, morose songs on "The Green Fields of Canada."

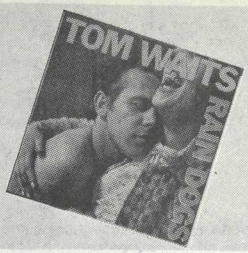
The album's rounded out by contributions from The Chieftains, The Roches, Lindisfarne (with a song about the hunger marchers in England in the 30s), Martin Carthy, and Billy Connolly with the cheerfully irreverent sexist diatribe "Hey, Dolores!".

For folk enthusiasts this is not only a pretty good LP, but also a great opportunity to donate some of your hard-earned bucks to a good cause. It is available domestically and therefore is very reasonably priced, so please don't tape it for a friend or we'll donate your pets to The Fine Food Products of New Brunswick Famine Relief Pie Company!

—Steve Edge

Diana Rogerson et. al.
The Inevitable Chrystal Belle Scrodd Record
United Dairies

MY, BUT THINGS QUICKLY BECOME INcestuous in England's underground. I sup-



pose the apathy in a trend-a-minute environment helps to fuse those small pockets of enthusiasm working on the fringe of aural sensibilities. Nurse With Wound intersects with Current 93. Current 93 intersects with Coil. The individuals involved in any of these manifestations then tend to move about with one another. The whole lot them seems to intersect with record labels such as Laylah or United Dairies. And none of this even considers lineage. But, to quote Diana Rogerson, "Why speculate, when you can masturbate?"

At its highest points, vitriolic, venomous vocals vilify. In "Cradle Your Snatch," Ms. Rogerson bitterly proclaims that "For every cock, there's a sucker." This sets the mood of the record right off the bat and confirms, along with some of the titles, that these people are very much concerned with sex. Stapleton's smatterings of perverted urban noise punctuate the mood at every turn and things only subside when, on side two, a lengthy piece called "The Unknown Pts. 1 & 2" allows you to sink into a dark hold. This is prime soundtrack material for a film to be shot in the bottom of a well (this is a recommendation, by the way

What is particularly reassuring here is that, though the incest is rampant, no one musical "personality" is dominant. This is rather surprising considering Stapleton's penchant for recycling a lot of his own material to comprise the bulk of his NWW releases of late. For lovers of the sorely missed Lemon Kittens, and the Laylah/United Dairies school of aural deviance, this record is a "must." Nothing is really inevitable though, so I leave the last word to Lady Diana: "Who could find you sexy? Anti-human pets/your perfume is filthy to my senses!"

Reach for your guns, mechanical man.

—Mark Mushet

Flesh For Lulu
Big Fun City
Statik (UK)

STRAIGHTFORWARD, GRUNGY ROCK 'N roll suitable for increasing one's pulse rate. Nothing fancy or well-manicured, just yer basic three chord aural shot of energy and grit that belies any deep searching analysis. If you don't enjoy cuts like "Cat Burglar," "Baby Hurricane" and "Laundromat Cat," you don't really like rock 'n roll.

Nick Marsh sings like a somewhat less restrained Lloyd Cole crossed with (pardon the expression) a more straightforward Wayne/Jayne Country. My favourite kind of producer, Craig Leon, manages to give the music clarity while retaining the vital energy of Flesh For Lulu. The Flesh aren't a band of astounding wisdom when it comes to words; but this is visceral music that provides the antidote to an overdose of Aztec Camera, James Taylor and Joni Mitchell.

—Kevin Smith

Tom Waits
Rain Dogs
Island—MCA

RAIN DOGS IS TOM WAITS' FIRST ALBUM since 1983's *Swordfishtrombones* and, to say the least, it is well worth the wait. Building on both that album and his work on a play based on "Frank's Wild Years," Waits has, with this record, taken the narrative elements in his earlier work and refined them; the result is a cityscape worthy of Bertolt Brecht or Raymond Chandler.

Like Brecht and Chandler, Waits writes about life on the seamy side; his songs conjure up images wrung from film noir and Twenties' Berlin: shabby dockland, rainy streetcorners at midnight, and seedy apartments in the wrong part of town.

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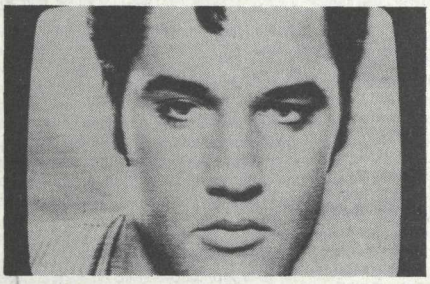
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Waits' bourbon-and-cigarettes' rasp settles neatly into such pictures; on "9th and Hennepin" he sounds like some latter-day Marlowe mounting an all-night vigil, waiting for the break that will unravel the case. At other times, he sets his stories against a background of Nashville C&W ("Blind Love"), a New Orleans jazz funeral ("Anywhere I Lay My Head"), and, on "Cemetery Polka" and several others, a jerky horns, accordion and double-bass arrangement that positively oozes Kurt Weill. (Waits recently recorded a song for the Weill tribute LP, *Lost In The Stars.)*

Should you buy *Rain Dogs?* Well, if you like Humphrey Bogart, Philip Marlowe, Sam Spade, Mac the Knife, Surabaya Johnny and Louis Armstrong, then you probably have it already. If not, this record forms a great introduction to the weird and sometimes disturbing world of Tom Waits.

—Iain Bowman

Death Sentence
Not A Pretty Sight
Undergrowth

A BIG PROBLEM WITH HARDCORE MUSIC today is the existence of the vast bulk of generic bands cloning GBH or Circle Jerks. This is not the case with Vancouver's Death Sentence. Live, they put on a highly energized performance and their recent Undergrowth LP captures the essence of Death Sentence fairly well. It's driving music. Drive your car into a wall, drive your fist into the air, drive your grandmother insane.

What they play is good, heavy, fast, tight, just enough riffs to keep you interested, happy-go-lucky-sing-a-long choruses and blazing percussion. What they say is questionable. "Dawn of the Dead" may make a valid social comment, but "Feel Fucked" is a throwaway. And there's lots of the stock anti-society stuff. Yet the album still holds up after repeated listenings. If you like them onstage, you'll like them on vinyl. But, hey, where are the skateboard tunes?

—Terry Orr

Grace Jones
Slave to the Rhythm
Island

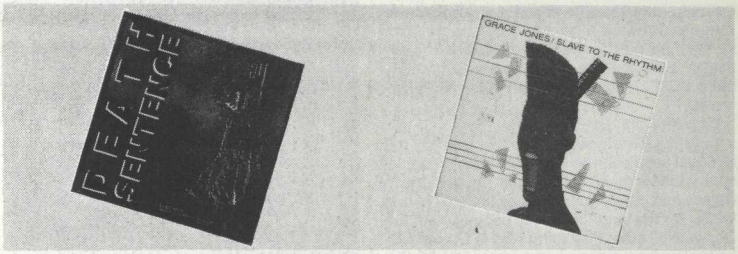
PERHAPS THE BEST THING ABOUT THIS record is that it puts Grace into a perspective that fits. It's a visual album. Through overdubs of interviews with two men named Paul something, readings by Jean Paul Goude (who more or less made her out of something into SOMETHING ELSE) and one song where the only lyrics are "Miss Grace Jones," we are given the portrait of a presence. That's really what this lady is all about.

She's not a disco queen (anymore), she's not a cult figure (not dreary enough), and I doubt if she ever wanted to be a "progressive musical force." Her early albums consisted mostly of covers, from Petty to Piaf, while the number of covers diminished between albums one and six, the music was always part and parcel with the persona.

The new seventh album is the closest thing to a concept album she's ever done. The concept is Grace Jones. Some of the tracks are blatantly aimed at the commercial market and that's where they belong and where they are already being played. Two, however, make *Slave to the Rhythm* worth buying. "The Frog and the Princess" and "Operattack" have Trevor Horne (Art of Noise) production written all over them. He becomes the latest man to get a crack at doing something for her and he's done a beautiful job.

What I want to know is when do I get my turn? One of my fantasies is to cook brunch for Grace. Local promoters take note.

—Larry Thiessen



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The Roving Ear

This month from Ottawa

EVERYONE HAS BIASES, OR RATHER unfounded misconceptions. When I heard that I was being banished to Ottawa for six weeks I thought I was gonna die! I thought I was destined for a musical wasteland that would turn me into a ranting autistic. OH MY GOD, PLEASE NOT OTTAWA!

In retrospect I am deeply embarrased about those episodes of paranoia. I found Ottawa to have a thriving musical scene, with a full complement of local bands that are uniquely from the National Capitol region. Let me tell you about my adventures:

Firstly, that there is a thriving local music scene in Ottawa at all probably can be credited, for the most part, to the long-established "alternative" radio stations. From Carleton University there's CKCU, now in its tenth year on the airwaves.

From the University of Ottawa there's CFUO, a fledgling, lower-power station that caters to the bilingual population as well. These two organizations sponsor much of the music happenings in Ottawa and create opportunities for local bands to play for the large university population in the Ottawa-Hull area. First thing I did in Ottawa was go to a local record store and grab a *TRANS FM,* the CKCU monthly program guide/music mag and got the low-down on what's happening in town.

Ottawa itself is dead. Most of the craziness happens in Hull, Quebec, which is right across the Ottawa River. There's a 2 kilometer strip called the Promanade du Portage which is lined with bars, clubs and discos and because the bars stay open until 4 a.m., a night on the town for many Ottawans means going to Quebec.

A lot of these clubs and discos play the overproduced, monotonous Donna Summerish-type dance music that the Quebecois love so much, but if you can put up with that it is a marvelous atmosphere of good beer and good times, especially when the clubs open their doors and windows on a warm, humid evening, and the Promanade is overflowing with music and people.

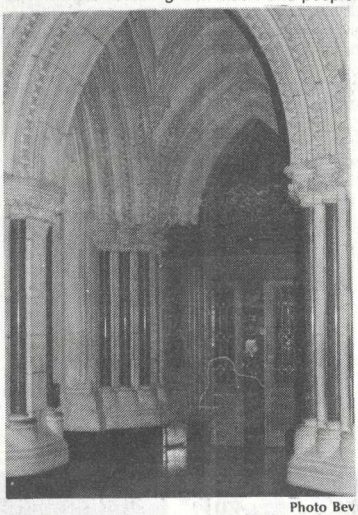

Photo Bev

The club scene is segretated by musical styles: I managed to catch the **Lonnie Brooks Blues Band** at the Rainbow Bistro in the Byward Market in Ottawa. The Rainbow regularly caters to local and import blues talent, and provides a relaxed, honest atmosphere. On the Promanade in Hull you'll find Club Zinc. I saw **Chris and Cosey** there, and as I walked through the door I was greeted by the sounds of "Assimilate" and by the sillouettes of big-hairs. The Club is just as pretentious as its clientelle, but it must be credited for allowing live music on a regular basis (e.g.: **Tupelo Chain Sex,** bands from Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto).

Finally there's Barrymore's: it's the Commodore of Ottawa, a converted vaudeville theatre with red chintz, a stage looking up to FIVE levels, and a gold brocade ceiling with a giant eagle painted on it. This venue sponsors a potpouri of bands, mostly import, such as **Shriekback, Mamas and the Papas, The Fabulous Thunderbirds, Burning Spear, John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers** and the **Hoodoo Gurus** to name a few.

This kind of exposure and support can't do anything but help foster a local music scene, and the proof is in the pudding with *Cassettera,* an Ottawa compilation tape produced by CKCU. On this invaluable addition to anyone's Canadian music library you'll find already familiar bands such as **Screaming Bamboo, The Randy Peters, Porcelain Forehead,** and **Ultima Thule,** but also many other great tunes from unheard-of bands (there's 13 altogether ranging from pop to hardcore). One band to mention that didn't make it on the tape is **Gonks Go Beat,** who play a frenetic style of guitar-oriented party music (and who are down-right wild in live gigs).

So I'm here to tell my story, and nobody is more surprised than I am. Although I was homesick for Vancouver by the end of six weeks, I could easily have been happy if forced to stay. Actually, considering that Montreal is only two hours away, and Toronto is only four hours away, I think Ottawa has a lot going for it in many ways. Ontario—it's yours to discover.

—Beverly Demchuk

Cassettera can be purchased by sending $7.47 plus $1.25 postage and handling to CKCU/ *Cassettera* Offer, 517 Unicenter, Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario, K1S 5B6.

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Rhythm Mission
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JAN: 30
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- Fred Frith -

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JANUARY

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1 CLOSED HAPPY NEW YEAR	2 POISONED	3 with special guests	4
6 "BLUES MONDAYS" all star jam sessions	7 The HORNETS	8 SPIRIT OF THE WEST	9	10 B-SIDES	11
13	14 GO FOR 3	15 with guests	16 SEATTLES	17 the 57's	18
20	21 NERVE TUBES	22	23 RHYTHM MISSION	24 BEVERLY SISTERS	25
27	28 BRILLIANT ORANGE with guests	29	30 * SKELETON CREW	31 BODY CREW Soul, Funk	

JANUARY

THE SAVOY NIGHTCLUB 6 Powell St., Gastown, Vancouver, 687-0418

AIWA
Simply Advanced

AIWA HS-T06

ADVANCED VALUE! AM/FM AUTO-REVERSE WITH DOLBY!

Features
AM-FM radio, Dolby, auto reverse, metal capable, deluxe headphones, anti-roll

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **149.88**

AIWA HS-G08

LOGICALLY ADVANCED FEATHER TOUCH OPERATION, REMOTE CONTROL, 5 BAND EQUALIZER

Features
remote control, 5 band equalizer, auto-reverse, micro-touch controls, anti-roll, Dolby, metal

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **199.88**

AIWA HS-J70

STEREO RECORDING AND AUTO REVERSE PLAYBACK WITH AM/FM STEREO ENJOYMENT

Features
records, AM-FM, Dolby, 3-way auto-reverse, condensor mic included, anti-roll, 15 hour operation

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **249.88**

AIWA CS-210

AM/FM PORTABLE CASSETTE WITH GREAT SOUND AND GREAT LOOKS

Features
20 watts output
AM-FM, built in mics, auto-stop, universal voltage selector

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AIWA CS-R10

SIMPLY ADVANCED AM/FM AUTO-REVERSE WITH FEATHER-TOUCH I.C. LOGIC CONTROLS

Features
auto-reverse, IC logic contols, 4 speakers, cue & review, auto-loudness

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AIWA CA-30

PORTABLE AUDIO COMPONENT SYSTEM WITH 5 BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER

Features 2-way detachable speakers, 5 band equalizer, 36 watts, phono input, Dolby, music sensor

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **299.88**

AIWA ADR-450

WORLD'S FASTEST AUTO-REVERSE CASSETTE DECK

Features
0.2 second 3-way auto reverse, Dolby B & C, feather-touch IC logic, micro-grain capstan, bias fine-adjust

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **299.88**

AIWA ADR-650

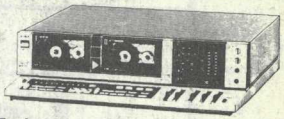
BEST BUY RATED 3-HEAD AUTO-REVERSE CASSETTE DECK

Features
0.2 second 3-way, 3-head auto-reverse, Dolby HX professional noise reduction, Dolby B & C, auto-demag

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **599.88**

AIWA AD-WX220

HIGH-SPEED DUBBING DECK WITH ALL-TRAC 4X SPEED RECORDING



Features
all-trac 4X speed recording, dubs C-90 in 22.5 minutes, 4 motors, 10 selection random programming, Dolby B & C

STEP UP TO AIWA FOR ONLY **699.88**

KELLY'S

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